The big ſwolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dares preſume gainſt that thy Soueraigne likes.
Hum. Nay my Lords, tis not my words that troubles you,
But my preſence, proud Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to ſpeake.
Farewell my Lords, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied *France* would be loſt ere long.

Exit Duke Humfrey.

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage.
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the Land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts.
For you well ſee, if he but walke the ſtreetes,
The common people ſwarme about him ſtraight,
Crying Ieſus bleſſe your royall excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*,
And many things beſides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth duke *Humfrey*.
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his ſeate.

Exit Cardinall.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughty Cardinall,
Coſin of Somerſet be rulde by me,
Weele watch duke *Humfrey* and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.
Somer. Thankes coſin *Buckingham*, ioyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue duke *Humfrey* from his ſeate.
Buck. Content, come then let vs about it ſtraight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition followes after.
Whilſt theſe do ſeeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs ſeeke for our Countries good:
Oft haue I ſeene this haughty Cardinall
Sweare, and forſweare himſelfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffian then a man of the Church.

Coſine